



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

that verse read. So he took the book and zigzagged out of the building. Weeks afterwards I met him. He shook my hand for a long time. Then he told me who he was. He had changed. He had climbed on the wagon. "I'm on to stay," he remarked. "You should hear me at a trail hither's meeting. My conversion dates from the day I came into the library." The man, you see, had brought St. Paul to life in that saloon in Syracuse. I want more and more people and more and more kinds of people to take part in this kind of mir-

acle. It can never be complete with any element of the reading public left out. It demands the help of the immigrant, the graduate student, the club woman, the shop girl with her splendid appetite for romance, the mechanic, the salesman, the farmer and the farmer's wife. I want to think of the farm house in Onondaga as a place where David Copperfield, Alan Breck, Beth, Joe and Amy are enjoying an immortality.

PAUL M. PAINE,
Syracuse Public Library.

TIMES PAST—TWENTY-FOUR A. L. A. CONFERENCES RECALLED *

By FREDERICK W. FAXON, *Former Secretary of A. L. A. and Chairman Travel Committee*

Listen my friends
And you shall hear,
Of the A. L. A. travels
From year to year.

Look closely good people,
That you may see
How the delegates journey
From sea to sea.

A wonderful opportunity to see our country under the most satisfactory auspices has been enjoyed by those who have regularly attended our annual meetings for the last twenty-four years. Aside from the interest in the papers and discussions, and the added inspiration and enthusiasm for our work gained, those yearly trips have broadened our knowledge of the world, have made us familiar with our country's scenic wonders, and introduced us to the beauties of many of the cities—their parks, art collections, and libraries.

At the request of our president, I am going to bring back to you some of the joys of our travels since I became a member of the A. L. A. in 1893, and attended the Chicago World's Fair meeting.

The fascination and beauty of that ex-

position will always remain with me—the myriads of lights at night reflected in the lagoons, the bands playing, the gondolas silently gliding by—it made an impression that will never fade,—a vision of some foreign country set down in the center of the United States. Since then we have attended five other world's fairs each beautiful in its way, but the first will to me remain the unique experience. Samuel Swett Green has given us in his book "The public library movement in the United States" an intimate history of this Association down to 1893, so it is appropriate that we should begin with that year, the fifteenth conference. Mr. Dewey was president, Dr. Hill secretary, and Mr. Carr treasurer. In 1893 was gathered the A. L. A. model library and the first "A. L. A. catalog" was compiled. The sessions at Chicago were spread over two weeks, thus allowing opportunity to study the exposition without missing meetings. They were held all over town,—at the Art Institute, in the old Newberry library, in the City Hall—where the Chicago Public Library was housed,—in several of the buildings of the University of Chicago. I believe the mileage we covered attending the 1893 sessions has remained a record to this day. A tally-ho ride from the North Side out to

*This paper was written to illustrate a series of lantern slides shown at the Asbury Park meeting, but was not read owing to lateness of the hour. Descriptions of slides are here omitted.

Buffalo Bill's Wild West I well remember, and as a new member I marvelled that Dr. Poole and Mr. Dewey and such important and famous members should enter into the spirit of the outing like boys at a circus. I learned at this my first A. L. A. what approachable and delightful persons librarians were. Though the weather was hot, and our poor feet blistered by sight-seeing, it was a long to be remembered experience.

The following year the conference was at Lake Placid, the Grand View and Mirror Lake Hotels accommodating us nicely. President Larned in his address mentioned the new work libraries were doing with schools, and spoke of the need of librarians getting outside their library walls. There were three social evenings,—one the annual dinner, at which I first met Miss Ahern, then librarian of the Indiana State Library. Mr. C. C. Soule was toastmaster, and when he called upon her to speak she prefaced her remarks with a story of how a man passing a barber shop in Boston saw a sign, "Whiskers dyed here." He went in and handing the astonished barber a bunch of flowers, said: "Put this on his grave." Lake Placid was a most beautiful region, and many were the walks, rides and boating trips we took. I remarked that even on these excursions much discussion of library problems was in progress. It was evident that the social side, the between-sessions periods, the meal times, were fully as valuable as the program. One could not help becoming enthusiastic for the library profession. My first post-conference followed—a coaching party through the Adirondacks—to Saranac Lake, Loon Lake, Ausable Chasm and Lake George, and thence by boat and train to Saratoga Springs. Lasting friendships are made on these jolly excursions which follow the conference almost every year.

Eighteen ninety-five brought a small company of librarians to Denver, where Mr. Dana of the Public library and Mr. Dudley of the City library had planned a truly western reception for us. Mr. Utley, of Detroit, was president, and urged the duty of each

state to provide a free library for every town, as New Hampshire had done. Denver impressed us as a beautiful city, and we saw the Rocky Mountains for the first time, a dim wall to the west. Later we touched them in their rugged cañons and on their mountain railway passes—wonderfully grand. The "Loop trip" to Georgetown was a day's excursion. The journey to Glenwood Springs and back to Colorado Springs was the post-conference. It gave the tenderfoot his first intimate Rocky Mountain knowledge. A trip to the top of Pikes Peak was a fitting climax to this Colorado week, though the visit to Cripple Creek, then but recently discovered, was unique. Librarians on burros are a funny sight, but we found that method of locomotion quite exhilarating; not that the beasts were rapid,—oh no! they try to see how slow they can go, and they easily become "stalled" unless a small boy with a whip follows close behind—for it was before the days of the "self-starter."

Mr. Dana was president at the Cleveland conference in 1896 and told the librarians about "The seamy side of library work." Since that early date Mr. Dana, of Denver, Springfield and Newark, has ever been listened to with increasing interest. His speeches fill a book,—he shows up our pet troubles, dear Bernard Shaw of librarianship that he is.

It was at Cleveland that Miss Anne Wallace, of Atlanta, attended her first A. L. A. and told of her pleasure in meeting on such friendly terms the great librarians. It seemed to her flippant to laugh and joke with the author of "History for ready reference"; an honor to lunch with the writer of "Public libraries in America," and she said she would never forget having danced with the man who perfected that wonderful device "The Cutter rules for a dictionary catalog."

That year the post-conference was a steamer trip to Detroit and thence to Mackinac Island, where a two-day stop gave opportunity for a final session, and much sight-seeing. "And with all, the

wonder grew, when so much had been done, so much remained to do."

Another year rolled by, and we gathered in Philadelphia, in 1897. Mr. Brett, of Cleveland, was president, and sessions were held at the Drexel Institute. This year we found in attendance one whom the registrar listed as "J. O. Wyer, Jr., student." Do you recognize J. I. Wyer, Jr., of Albany, ex-president of the A. L. A., and in "Who's Who." Then he belonged in the "Who's He?" class. Another unknown seen in the official group was Mr. Purd Wright, of St. Joseph, Mo. A small post-conference to the Delaware Water Gap was provided for those who did not sail for England. The Kittatinny was headquarters, and thence excursions were made by foot, by bicycle, by carriage, by ferry—delightful days, and restful.

In 1898 Miss Mary E. Hazeltine, by her charming personality, secured the meeting for Lakewood-on-Chautauqua, near her home, Jamestown, N. Y., where she was librarian. Dr. Herbert Putnam served as president, and what a delightful presiding officer he made. The sessions were held in the Waldmere Hotel. One of the largest exhibits we ever had was installed in the little unused chapel near at hand. A "Geographical section" was organized this year, to explore, in the early mornings, the many beauties of the region. It had two permanent members, and others were members by invitation and ability to arise in the early morning hours before breakfast.

One day the conference journeyed to Niagara Falls, giving many members their first sight of that splendid cataract, and its gorge. We recall the vivid color of Mr. Dewey's white trousers after he had sat upon a bunch of those luscious black cherries, which the boys sold along the Gorge, tied by the stems in great bunches, like the toy balloons at a circus.

Miss Anne Wallace won the meeting for 1899 and carried us off to Atlanta. We went by way of Old Point Comfort and Hampton Institute. Mr. Lane was president, and next in importance came the bar-

becue. See the shoats turning on the spits! Hear the "lard-can quartet!" This year our Constitution was changed and we nearly died during the ordeal, but at last it was over and the post-conference proceeded from Lithia Springs to Lookout Mountain and Chattanooga, with the Natural Bridge of Virginia and Caverns of Luray for good measure. Did any one of you ever try to room sixty people where there were beds for but forty? A gold A. L. A. pin I am wearing was the prize won for that accomplishment on top of Lookout Mountain.

Canada's first conference was a great success in the early summer of 1900, and Mr. C. H. Gould as our host, aided by the manager of the Windsor Hotel, was ever alert for our comfort. Mr. Thwaites, beloved of all who knew him, was president at this Montreal conference and in his address "Ten years of library progress" (the first presidential address which had been given a title) he recalled how in the short space of ten years there had developed: Library commissions, district associations, traveling and branch libraries, library advertising, children's rooms, rooms for the blind, access to the shelves, coöperation with schools and teachers, coöperative cataloging, inter-library loans, library buildings, library gifts and library legislation.

Here at Montreal was a re-union of the party which went to the Atlanta Cotton Exposition in 1895 and discovered Miss Anne. They were Mr. and Mrs. Carr, Mr. Bowker, Miss Hannah P. James, Miss Mary Sargent, Miss Alice B. Kroeger, Miss Nina Browne, Miss Edith Tobitt.

From Montreal two specially chartered steamers took 300 of the 450 in attendance on a never-to-be forgotten post-conference cruise to Quebec, and up the wonderful Saguenay River to Chicoutimi, with a visit on the return to Ste. Anne de Beaupré. There has never been such a large post-conference and probably never will be, as this planned by Mr. Gould, and so successfully carried out.

Now among all the librarians none is so devoted to his Vichy water as he who pre-

sides over the Scranton Public Library. It was eminently fitting, therefore to hold the 1901 conference among mineral springs. At Waukesha, Wisconsin, Mr. Carr was president. "Being a librarian" was the title of his address, delivered during one of the hottest conventions,—as to weather—we ever held, until in 1914 Washington, D. C., set the record for all time to come. "Madison day" was a treat—we were entertained in true western style, and shown the beauties of the region, and the great new library building occupied jointly by the State Historical Society and the University library. Sam Walter Foss was with us this year, having recently been appointed librarian at Somerville, Mass., Purd Wright, of Missouri, was no longer an unknown. Mr. Godard, of Connecticut, made his first appearance this year; he is now one of those we could not spare. The Eastern and Southern members returned homeward via the Great Lakes, and "My, my, what a sail!" as Dr. Steiner would say. But on the last day Lake Erie did misbehave awfully just when "the Infinite Eight" had planned a dinner party. We finally landed at Buffalo and spent several days at the Pan-American Exposition before separating for our homes.

Nineteen-two brought 1,018 of us to the Boston-Magnolia meeting and set a record for attendance not equalled until 1914. Dr. Billings was president and addressed us on "Some library problems of tomorrow." That was where he said "twelve new novels a year is ample allowance for the average public library." President Eliot of Harvard came to this meeting and advocated storage libraries for little-called-for books, an address that created much discussion. It was here, too, that the announcement of Mr. Carnegie's gift of \$100,000 to the Association was made. Magnolia was one of the pleasantest meeting places we ever had, the three big hotels—Oceanside, New Magnolia and Hesperus—accommodating everyone comfortably.

A small party made a post-conference trip to Mt. Desert where two fine days between the storms gave opportunity to

explore the region, and the western members had a fine taste of rough weather on the trip down.

Niagara Falls was the place of the 1903 conference and Dr. J. K. Hosmer spoke in his presidential address of "Some things that are uppermost," discussing Pres. Eliot's address of the year before. This year the question of a headquarters for the Association was discussed; the office had always before been in the secretary's pocket between meetings, and on a little table near the door of the assembly hall during convention week. This was the "shredded wheat" conference, for the meetings were all held in the hall of that company's plant. It was Sam Walter Foss who one morning said he was going out for a trip on the "Mayflower"; he meant "Maid of the Mist," but his New England ancestry led him to make this unintentional slip of the tongue. We all enjoyed the Falls that week and the wonderful Gorge trip, but the post-conference into the Canadian wilderness was long to be remembered. Seventy, chosen as it seemed, for their congeniality, took this excursion, crossing Lake Ontario by steamer to Toronto, thence by train and boat to the Royal Muskoka Hotel in the center of the then newly opened Muskoka Lake district. The return was by way of Rosseau, Maple Lake, Parry Sound and thence by steamer down through Georgian Bay's ten thousand islands to Penetang and Toronto, where we were entertained by the local library folk.

We had not seen a World's Fair since 1901, so in 1904 St. Louis was our Mecca, and the Inside Inn our home for a week in October. The very mention of this Inn with its chilly barn-like rooms sends a shiver down our spines to this day. The Fair was much enjoyed; and the international character of the sessions will be long remembered, for there were delegates present from England, Belgium, Italy, Sweden, Austria and Netherlands. Cool evenings on the Lagoons, long walks from hotel to meeting place for sessions, informal sessions at the Tyrolean Alps

restaurant, Mr. Crunden's indefatigable efforts for our enjoyment, are other recollections of that week at the great exposition.

But listen! you who have only recently begun to come to these meetings, while I touch upon the high points of a most wonderful trip across the continent in 1905 to the Portland (Oregon) conference. We had a Raymond and Witcomb special *de luxe* train of Pullman's and our own dining car, and observation car. We traveled West by way of the Canadian Rockies, stopping a day at Banff, and at Glacier, where we went up and stood upon the great Illecillewaet glacier. A perfect day for the passage over the Great Divide with glorious views of mountains and canyons, comparable only with Switzerland, made everyone enthusiastic. Our arrival at Seattle was an event. The local library people had literally filled our rooms at the Washington Hotel with all sorts of flowers. Special trolleys were at our disposal to see this hustling city with its lakes and hills and parks. Next, a boat trip to Tacoma and a sightseeing trip there, with views of the pyramid of Mt. Tacoma, pink and ethereal in the sunset glow. There our special train was waiting and it seemed like getting home to find Nathaniel waiting with our bags and the beds all made. Of course all seven porters were not named Nathaniel, but he shall be here typical of all that was good and faithful. He could even pick cactus, in the desert, for the ladies.

At Portland was another Exposition, the Lewis and Clark—smaller than St. Louis had been, but interesting. We had for president Dr. E. C. Richardson, of Princeton, whose address was on "The national library problems of today." 359 registered at this far western meeting, and 150 sailed at its close for Alaska. Words fail me when I recall that ten days inland cruise on the "City of Seattle." There were mountains by the thousand, glaciers by the hundred, icebergs, Indian baskets, totem poles, furs, forests, and vegetation such as we had never seen before. Daylight lasted all night. We had frequent opportunities to go ashore explor-

ing. We saw Vancouver, then a little struggling village. We visited Father Duncan and his Indians at Metlakatla, we founded a public library at Juneau, the new capital of Alaska, a library of novels which at Miss Plummer's suggestion we had saved from our reading *en route*. Indian baskets delighted Mr. Dana's artistic eye, and Newark's museum is the richer for this trip. At Skagway we made the ascent of the White Horse Pass to the international boundary, and saw where the gold seekers had travelled and perished on their way to Dawson a few years before. Sitka was an interesting city. Taken as a whole the A. L. A. never had such a trip before. But even this was not the end. Yellowstone Park was visited on the homeward journey and that five-day coaching trip among the geysers, paint-pot-holes, and other freaky wonders of nature will be remembered as long as we live. We saw lakes, mountains, canyons, tame wild animals, hot springs; we enjoyed every moment even those nightly visits to the garbage heaps, back of the hotels to see the bears came down to feed. Our routine became:—

"After breakfast walk a mile,
After luncheon rest a while,
After dinner garbage pile."

Then again we found Nathaniel waiting for us at the entrance, and resumed our places in our Pullmans to finish the 9,000 mile trip of 1905.

Nineteen-six spells Narragansett Pier with Dr. Hill at the helm of the A. L. A. ship. He brought out the change in library methods from the book-wise, book-loving, library care-taker to the business executive in charge of a complex system of library aggressiveness. Two vivid points we recollect—the universal sea bath from 12 to 1, and the very late hours kept by the library company.

One whole day was given to a visit to Providence:—libraries, spreads, and clam bakes, special boat, special trolleys, and even special clams, provided for our enjoyment. Then Newport was added to our list of notable places visited by the A. L. A.,

and a stay on quaint, restful old Nantucket.

In May, 1907, the Southland again claimed us, this time Asheville, N. C., with Battery Park Hotel as headquarters. Dr. C. W. Andrews was president, and "The use of books" his chosen subject. Had he been writing an address today its title would have been, "Have you seen my latest library plans?" Biltmore recalls visions of black Vanderbilt pigs, happy apparently with asphalt runways and private bath tubs; big stables full of thoroughbred horses and cattle, fields of alfalfa. Though we were not allowed to approach within half a mile of the mansion house, the stables were open to visitors. From the south porch of Battery Park Hotel is visible the peak of Mt. Pisgah, sixteen miles away. Twenty-five miles beyond is the great Hog-Back, the top of which is named Toxaway—Redbird mountain. At the foot of this mountain is the lake and by the lake Toxaway Inn, where a delightful post-conference was spent. Oh, the recollections of mountain laurel, and flaming wild azaleas, verdant forests, waterfalls, and the wonderful feat of Miss Ahern—her climb of Mt. Toxaway and her thrilling descent thereof. Others rode on horses or were content to sit in carriages, or, like our Mr. Hovey and Mrs. Ross of Charlotte, found contentment in a rowboat on the lake,—and ever since our ex-executive officer has made his happy home in Carolina—a warning or a hint to all good people who attend A. L. A. post-conferences.

To complete this trip the Jamestown Exposition was visited on our return trip, and one more World's Fair added to our record.

Have I now made it clear, that regular attendance upon our conferences gives one an ever broadening knowledge of our country, and an ever increasing enthusiasm for library work? If not, bear with me a few minutes more while I rapidly recount the travels of more recent years—no less extensive, and fully as interesting as those trips already recalled.

In 1908 it was Minnetonka Lake, near Minneapolis. Tonka Bay Hotel was headquarters, where "gentlemen without coats

will not be allowed in the dining room," and—so very proper are these western resorts—"ladies having gentlemen callers and gentlemen having lady callers will please have the same in the public parlors and not in their rooms."

Dr. Bostwick presided over this conference which was held in the "Aviary," or at least it was so known until the chirping sparrows among the rafters had been prevailed upon to cease their song and give the speakers a chance. This year we had a daily newspaper with cumulative attendance register through the enterprise of Mr. H. W. Wilson. There was even a pink sporting supplement on one occasion.

For post-conference we visited Duluth, and explored iron mines at Eveleth; then went to Calumet, Mich., and saw more mines, this time of copper, and came home by way of the Great Lakes.

Nineteen-hundred-nine was White Mountain year, with Mr. Gould, of McGill University, our president. The Mt. Washington Hotel at Bretton Woods will forever remain our ideal of all a hotel should be. Coördination was the keynote of the program, and Rev. S. M. Crothers gave us that delightful essay, "The convention of the books."

One day we visited the Flume, another we enjoyed a trip by cog-wheel to the summit of Mt. Washington. Then for post-conference a mountain-wagon trip through the mountains—Jefferson, Randolph, Gorham, Glen, Jackson, Intervale, North Conway—and to add variety two days on the sea coast at Ogunquit, Maine, where one evening we were entertained by John Kendrick Bangs, George Jay, and Nathan Haskell Dole—three summer residents of the region, whose humor you all know so well.

Nineteen-hundred-ten was Mackinac Island,—a hazy, fog-horror week at the old Grand Hotel, yet a very successful conference. President Hodges when he wanted to call the meetings to order had but to come out on the broad piazza and clap his hands—and wait. One day was given up to a boat trip and picnic at "The Snows" where

one of our number, Mr. Stevens of Brad-dock, has his summer bungalow. The post-conference was to Temagami Lake, Ontario, a veritable Canadian wilderness near the mining district of Cobalt. Although only a baker's dozen were able to take the trip we enjoyed every minute of it. Temagami Inn was a rustic joy; the beautiful chain of lakes, the canoeing with swarthy Indian guides, the primeval forests on every hand contrived to make our stay interesting.

Pasadena in 1911 meant another special train excursion—this time by the Santa Fé route with two days at the Grand Canyon of Arizona, and a remarkable trip across the desert—really a wonderland of sage, of yucca, of hills and rugged valleys, beautiful and strange, though parched in the hot sun. Then the sudden change from desert to Orange groves and roses as we entered California. What a regal reception we had, how charming was our Hotel Maryland and its bungalows, how strange to Eastern eyes the palms with their geranium covered boot-jack trunks, the heliotrope "trees," and the geranium hedges!

After the sessions we went north by the coast line to Santa Barbara—Old Mission, Mrs. Linn's reception; Santa Cruz—big trees grove lunch; Del Monte—maze, old cypress grove, seventeen-mile drive; San José—fruit farms, Miss Eastman's horse-back ride; Palto Alto—reception at University club, Leland Stanford, Jr., University; San Francisco—newly rebuilt,—excursion to Chinatown, to Golden Gate Park, to Mt. Tamalpais summit, to Oakland and Berkeley,—and then—Yosemite Valley, three days in heaven. Homeward via Sacramento and Salt Lake City, with two days at Manitou, Colorado, a trip to Cripple Creek on which the railroad tried all too successfully to show us why the region was so named. Thus ended a trans-continental trip entirely different from that of 1905, but just as wonderful and ever to be remembered for the opportunities to see at the best the beauties of our country. "The greatest travel for the best people at the least discomfort."

Ottawa—the new Château Laurier hotel,

—our first woman president, Mrs. Elmen-dorf—post conference, a repetition of that steamer cruise up the Saguenay river. Such in topical form is the index record of 1912, the second Canadian conference.

Nineteen-hundred-thirteen, the mountain top meeting at Hotel Kaaterskill, is too recent to need my account of a most successful conference in a most unsuccessful hotel. If ever any hotel had seen better days, it was the Kaaterskill, yet there were advantages. It is probably the only hotel in the country that can accommodate the present size meetings of the A. L. A. and give exclusive occupancy. It simplifies the giving of dinner parties to have all registered at one hotel, and the dinner acquaintance is one of the most valuable features of a conference. So we had a good meeting in spite of the hotel, and we paid our bills eagerly at the end of the week by patiently sitting for hours in line before the cashier's window. "Rocking chair row," was something unique in the annals of our meetings. Mr. Legler was president and the program one of the best in recent years, and sessions were always well attended. The post-conference was a visit to Mr. Dewey's Lake Placid Club in the Adirondacks, with a stop on the way, over Sunday, at Albany to inspect the new State Library building. Then a pleasant excursion to Eagle Bay, and Blue Mountain in the southern Adirondacks. The presence with us of Mr. Jast of the British Library Association added much to the excursion. The very cordial reception at Lake Placid by the Deweys and Miss Sharp will long be remembered. The council fire was lighted in our honor in the forest amphitheatre, and motor trips were made to the points of interest in the region, including Ausable Chasm.

Washington, D. C., in 1914 will be remembered, first for its heat, and second as the largest meeting we had ever held. Mr. Anderson, of the New York Public Library, was president. The New Willard Hotel was headquarters, but delegates were scattered all over town, and the hotel being European plan few had meals there. In fact the nearby *Café des Enfants*, otherwise known

as Child's Restaurant, looked like an A. L. A. gathering at eating times. Although no official post-conference was "personally conducted" this year, over fifty went to Old Point Comfort after sessions were over, and several made the trip thence to Richmond, Va.

In closing what shall I say of last year's conference? It was the third special-train transcontinental journey in ten years, ten thousand miles of delightful travel under most auspicious circumstances. West through Denver and the Royal Gorge, with a glorious day at Glenwood Springs, Colorado—re-visited after twenty years; then a morning at Salt Lake City, followed by the desert journey through Utah and Nevada to Riverside, which received us in true California style, with fruits, flowers and an orange luncheon in the inner court of the Mission Inn. Thence to Los Angeles for dinner and the following two days at the San Diego Fair, with side trips to Old Mexico, Coronado Beach, Point Loma, and Ramona's home.

Then again aboard our special A. L. A. train we go north to Berkeley where the conference was held. There had been two dining cars all across the western country, a luxury of travel we had never before experienced, and the use of "first sitting" and "second sitting" cards prevented the usual long waiting line of hungry people at the entrance to the diner.

Mr. H. C. Wellman was president, and the sessions were held in one of the halls of the University of California. Of course the greatest attraction was the San Francisco Exposition across the bay from

Berkeley. You are all familiar with its beauties from pictures if not from an actual visit. The indirect illumination and the changing colors cannot be described. Homeward our way lay north past Mt. Shasta and the volcano Lassen to Portland, Oregon, where Miss Isom provided a day of the annual rose festival for our enjoyment and showed us her beautiful new library. At Tacoma we motored 72 miles, to the base of Mt. Tacoma, in Ranier National Park—an excursion no one should miss. After a day in Seattle, we took steamer to Vancouver, stopping at Victoria on the way. Vancouver was a big city now, and we marvelled at its growth since our previous visit in 1905, only ten years before.

We turn East and, with a special train provided by the Canadian Pacific, traverse once again America's Alps, stopping two days at Lake Louise, and an afternoon at Banff where a big hot sulphur swimming pool seemed an even greater attraction than the wonderful mountain scenery. At Chicago ended the 1915 conference, and our series is complete to date.

Look back and consider what these years of A. L. A. membership and travel have meant, even if we omit the three European excursions that were participated in by a goodly number in 1897, 1910 and 1914. The broadening of our vision, the interchange of ideas with workers from all parts of our country, the ever-increasing incentive to make our libraries even more useful and efficient, such are a few of the advantages of membership in the American Library Association.

LIBRARY TRUSTEES' OBLIGATION TO THE STATE

BY ELIZABETH CLAYPOOL EARL, *President, Indiana Public Library Commission*

Since we rise or fall with the masses—is it not of the most urgent importance to educate the masses in the proper standards of living? And in the process of the education of the masses the library is the state's greatest asset—in fact about

its only hope, since the public schools turn the masses out into the world before or in the eighth grade, with immature minds, and almost, as yet, no library habit; hence it does not take much of a prophet to speculate on futures.